

Life



AUGUST 20, 1925

"Wishing on a load of hay"

PRICE 15 CENTS



The sign of



a Lifetime

Now a pencil "classic," in extra large size, to match a great pen

And we have called it "Titan." It is a big pencil—big in more ways than one. Your hand will love the "feel" of it, and your eye will love the "look" of it. Own brother to that most remarkable pen, the jade "Lifetime," it is built of radite, a practically indestructible material of brilliant beauty. And it has the propel-repel-expel feature, which has given Sheaffer pencils their world fame. A great combination, delivered to you in a handsome case. You'll get a thrill of delight from the ownership of these two fine writing instruments. Better dealers everywhere also sell "the Student Lifetime," a new radite masterpiece, of smaller size and cost.

"Lifetime" pencil, \$4.25.

"Lifetime" pen, \$8.75.

Student's pen, \$7.50

SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA



\$2195

Five-Passenger Sedan

F. O. B. Detroit
Tax to be added



Schedule your run at any speed you like—all day long if you like—and *make your schedule* with an ease and comfort you've never known before. Be off, free and clean, at the traffic signal while the crowd mills and fusses along behind. This magnificent Eight brings so much that is new and finer in driving that within its first six months it became the *largest-selling eight* of its type in the world.

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Andrew G. Nystrom, of Hartford, Conn., was a bit skeptical about the Hupmobile Eight, so he drove one for 200 miles or more over mountains, country roads and in heavy traffic. That sold him. He owns one now.

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Mrs. Maurice Gardner, of Cleveland, was so captivated by the Hupmobile Eight her husband bought for use in his brokerage business that she now drives a Hupmobile Eight of her own. Both their cars are sedans.

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Mrs. B. J. Hall, of Baltimore, Md., calls the Hupmobile Eight the easiest driving car for women that she has ever known, and wonderful in performance and riding qualities.

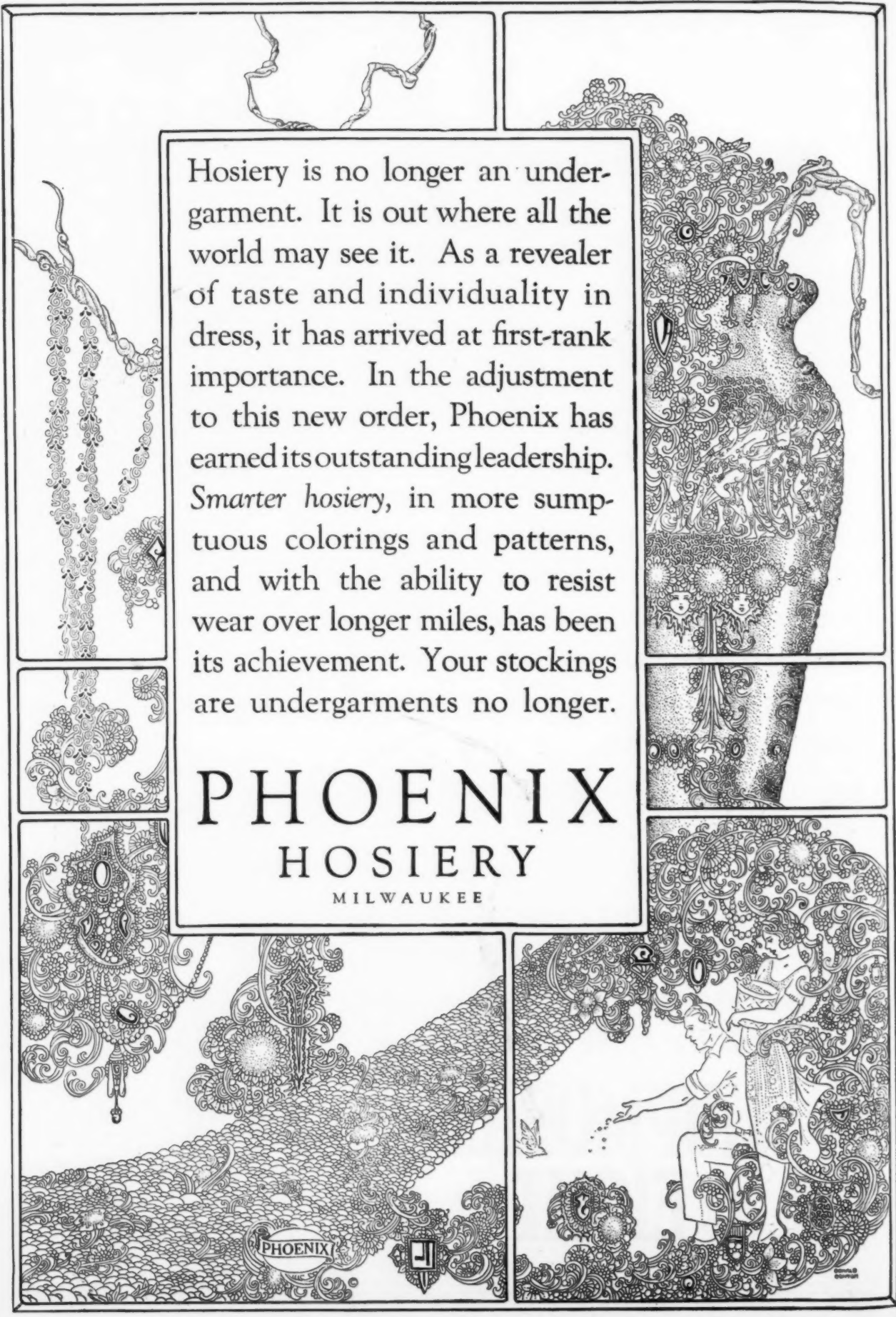
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Since David R. Hicks, of Toledo, Ohio, became owner of a Hupmobile Eight Sedan, he considers his week-end motor trips to visit his mother in Gallipolis, Ohio, a finer treat than ever. The 200-mile runs across the state, from Toledo to Gallipolis, to use Mr. Hicks' own words, are done with no more preparation or fuss than for an afternoon's jog around Toledo.

≡ ≡ ≡

Sedan, Now \$2195; Coupe, Two or Four-Passenger, Now \$2095; Touring Car, Now \$1795; Roadster, Now \$1795; Dickey-Seat Roadster, Now \$1895. F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH
YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER.
HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW



Hosiery is no longer an undergarment. It is out where all the world may see it. As a revealer of taste and individuality in dress, it has arrived at first-rank importance. In the adjustment to this new order, Phoenix has earned its outstanding leadership. *Smarter hosiery*, in more sumptuous colorings and patterns, and with the ability to resist wear over longer miles, has been its achievement. Your stockings are undergarments no longer.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

Life

Wail

LOVE has gone a-rocketing.
That is not the worst;
I could do without the thing,
And not be the first.

Joy has gone the way it came.
That is nothing new;
I could get along the same,—
Many people do.

Dig for me the narrow bed,
Now I am bereft.
All my little hates are dead,
And what have I left?

Dorothy Parker.

Tears—Not All Idle

ONCE there was a keen-eyed novelist who came to a rural home and recorded its pitiful tragedy, staining his paper with his tears. But the rural family continued their labors, serenely unconscious of their tragic circumstances. In time, too, the novelist ceased from weeping and grew fat on royalties. Eventually it was only the readers who suffered and wept.



THE STEEPLEJACK TAKES HIS WIFE OUT
ON SUNDAY TO SEE THE COUNTRY

Parlez-Vous

GRACE: How did you get along
with your French in Paris?

VIOLA: Wonderful! I found two
women from Denver who could under-
stand me!

New Cartoons for Old

1915

DEMON Rum with its back to the
wall.

Father heatedly telling his cigarette-
smoking young daughter where to get
off.

Henry Ford with the world as a
passenger in his flivver automobile.

Uncle Sam calmly twiddling his
thumbs, while the Allies, on the other
side of the pond, are urging him to
come on across and play.

The Common People crushed under
a heavy load of taxes.

1925

Prohibition with its back to the wall.

Father meekly listening to his cig-
arette-smoking young daughter tell
him where to get off.

Henry Ford with the world as a
passenger in his flivver airplane.

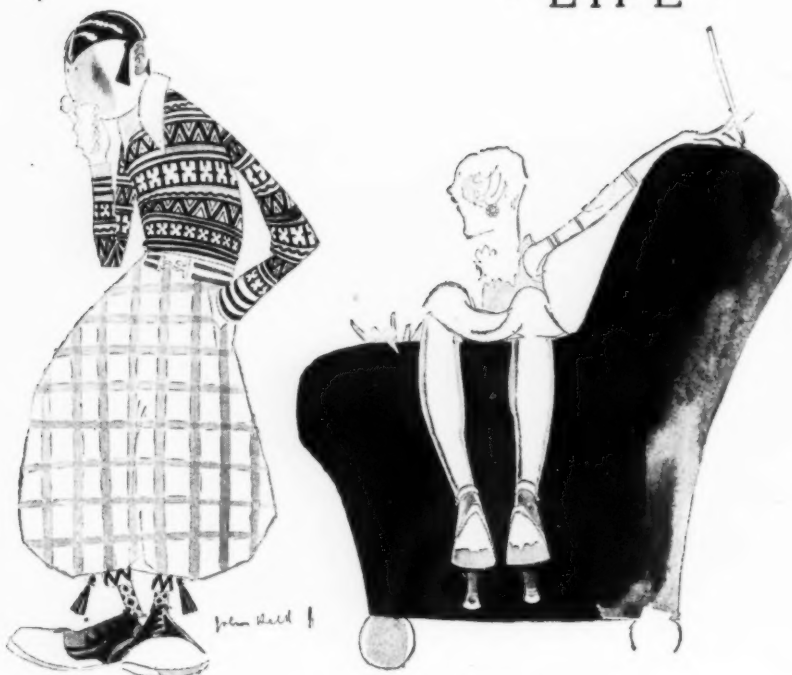
The Allies calmly twiddling their
thumbs, while Uncle Sam, on the
other side of the pond, is urging them
to come on across and pay.

The Common People crushed under
a heavier load of taxes.

Harry L. Roberts.



"PULL UP A LITTLE, WILL YA, MISTER—YOU'RE RIGHT ON FIRST BASE."



"WHY SO PENSIVE, SPIKE?"

"I WAS THINKING OF A FUNNY COSTUME TO WEAR AT THE MASKED BALL."

The Calf of Gold

WHEN Moses descended from Sinai, claspings in his arms the Tables of the Law, he found that during his absence the Children of Israel had divided into two factions; one faction called itself the Republicrats, and the other called itself the Democans.

"This is the Law," declared the prophet, "that was given to me on Sinai..."

The Children of Israel gathered about him and examined the tables with curiosity. Finally one of the patriarchs (Rep.) spoke.

"I have not had an opportunity to study them carefully," he said, "but I am firmly opposed to their adoption. The commandments are carelessly and loosely drawn. I have serious doubts as to their constitutionality. Are we to barter away the rights for which we fought and suffered in Egypt?"

Another patriarch (Dem.) arose.

"A masterpiece of constructive legislation," he said. "I am preparing certain amendments and reservations which I shall introduce shortly. These Ten Commandments, as I believe they are called, are a step forward for our people. So far as they go they have my hearty indorsement."

Then arose Joshua, the mighty captain of the armies.

"I am not a lawyer," he exclaimed. "I am a plain blunt soldier. These laws may be all right, but our paramount

duty is to look after those brave boys who fought the Battle of the Red Sea. Until an adequate bonus law is enacted I would be disloyal to my gallant comrades-in-arms if I gave my approval to any other measure."

"These commandments are a rank piece of class legislation," cried another patriarch (Ind-Rep.). "How about the common people who own no manservants and maidservants and—"

And then, as the Bible tells us, "Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount."

Newman Levy.

Why Golfers Dub Their Shots

THE ground is too wet.

The ground is too dry.

The clubs are old.

The clubs are new.

Because there are bets on the game.

Because there are no bets on the game.

Well, if these girls insist on riding their horses all over the country—

Bliss for Two

"BILLY and I are engaged."

"You don't mean it!"

"No, but he thinks I do."

THE Prof's Version: "The Old Gray Matter Ain't What It Used to Be."



"THIS GUY AIN'T SO BRIGHT. HE THOUGHT HE'D CATCH ME NAPPIN' LIKE HE DID YESTERDAY."



THE OUTRAGE

AFTER A DAY OF INTENSE HEAT, MADE BEARABLE ONLY BY PLEASANT THOUGHTS OF HOW MUCH HOTTER THEIR FRIENDS IN TOWN MUST BE, THE GUESTS OF THE SEA VIEW HOUSE LEARN THE NEXT MORNING THAT IT WAS THREE DEGREES COOLER IN THE CITY.



"THAT'S A WONDERFUL VIEW."
"OH, YES, IF YOU LIKE VIEWS."

He Made the Grade!

[By Frank Sullivan

FREDERICK W. WOPKINS, the man who made the shoestring what it is, took a puff at his two-dollar cigar, leaned too far back in his swivel chair and fell out. His secretary, a dapper young man named Spriggs, picked him up. We laughed. The incident provided the interview with an informal touch which helped relieve the inevitable tension.

"You want me to tell you the Story of the Shoestring," said the grizzled old magnate. There was a far-away look in his eyes, but you could see the diamonds he wore as vest buttons quite plainly. He was every inch the successful business man. Clean-shaven, except for heavy, black eyebrows and a beard, he wore the sort of clothes that have, perhaps, tended to standardize the successful American business man—Alpine hat with a red feather in it, green jacket, yellow chamois vest, white shirt rolled open at the neck, short pants, bare knees and socks.

As he spoke, his restless fingers toyed with a large grandfather's clock that stood beside him.

"So you want me to tell you the Story of the Shoestring," he said, and he leaned pensively on the arm of the huge, yellow plush chair. The arm was loose, so Mr. Wopkins fell out and into the waste basket. The law of gravitation is no respecter of persons.

The dapper young secretary picked him up. The great industrialist took it good-naturedly.

"I had never been in that waste basket before," he remarked. "It's quite nice down there. Thank you, Spriggs. You are invaluable."

The young secretary blushed and hung his head modestly. "Yes, you are," said the great magnate. "You're very clever. Why don't you speak a piece for the gentleman?"

Spriggs blushed furiously and retreated to a corner.

"Go ahead," the grizzled old warhorse encouraged him. "Give us that one about 'I shot an arrow into the air it fell to earth I know not where.'"

"Oh, he's heard that one," protested Spriggs.

"Well, say the one about 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may old time is still a-flying and this same flower that smiles to-day to-morrow will be dying,'" insisted the great man.

"Oh, that's old, too," said Spriggs, "but I know a story."

"Well, go ahead and recite it," urged the great manufacturer.

"I can't recite it," said Spriggs; "I have to whisper it." He did.

"So you want me to tell you the Story of the Shoestring," said the great—said Mr. Wopkins, when Spriggs had finished.

Something—was it, perchance, a memory?—gripped the grizzled old leader. He rose slightly and plumped himself down in his chair with some force, causing the seat to give way. He went to the floor, but his feet and head stayed behind.

"Never mind," he said to Spriggs, who had hastened to his rescue, "I'll stay this way for a while."

Thus it was that Frederick W. Wopkins, the man who made the shoestring what it is, told me of his career.

"When I was a boy," he said, simply, "shoestrings were shoestrings and shoes were shoes. Nobody ever thought of combining the two. One day when I was broke and down, but not out, the idea flashed on me. Why not use shoestrings to tie shoes with?"

"For months I ran from shoestring factory to shoe factory, trying to convince them. The manufacturers said it couldn't be done. Shoestrings were shoestrings and shoes were shoes and that was all there was to it, they said.

"I asked for a trial. They grudgingly gave it to me. First time, I failed, because some scoundrel unraveled the ends of the shoestrings and I couldn't get them through the shoe eyelets.

"But next time I succeeded and after that it was easy. I consider my greatest triumph the invention of the rubber shoestring, which can be stretched to fit any length shoe.

My favorite flower is the goldenrod, my favorite author is James J. Corbett, my favorite dessert is chocolate fudge sundae, and my favorite movie actor is Rin-Tin-Tin."

The magnate smiled and made as courteous a bow of dismissal as he could, considering the fix he was in. I took my pad and pencil, and left. As I closed the door, his alert mind was already busily at work, and I could hear him dictating the following memo to G. W. Hawkins, head of his service department:

"Attention Mr. Hawkins. Chair in President Wopkins' room needs fixing. New seat needed. Hope Mrs. Hawkins and children are well.
F. W. W."

The Very Idea

THE conductor looked at his watch and gave the signal, and the train pulled out of the terminal. At the tenth station the brakeman rushed into the smoker. His face was flushed with excitement. Evidently something unusual had happened. He shook the conductor.

"Wake up, John, wake up!" he cried delightedly. "We got a passenger!"

SENATOR HALE'S demand for preparedness was opportune. It reminded a lot of men that they had better be seeing about their reservations for football tickets.



"WHY DON'T YOU LEARN TO SWIM?"
"TOO DANGEROUS! THE FIRST THING I'D DO WOULD BE TO
SAVE SOME GIRL'S LIFE AND MARRY HER."

Excelsior!

THE progress of man is marvelous. In the beginning he invented clothing to protect himself from rain and snow. Through the centuries he perfected this clothing. To-day the fear of spoiling it keeps him from venturing out in the rain and snow.



"ARE YOU AWARE THAT WE ARE NOW SAILING OVER AN OCEAN ABYSS MORE THAN TWO—
AND—A—HALF—MILES—DEEP?"
"ISN'T IT POSITIVELY RIDICULOUS?"



AN American expert has been teaching the British aristocracy how to play the ukulele. That's one way of getting back at them for sending us those Oxford bags.

┆

Our Bureau of Missing Wars reports that the Græco-Bulgar conflict has at last been located on page 11 of the morning papers, right next to the spot where the crossword puzzles used to appear.

┆

The Chinese Civil War is still reported missing, but our Bureau is now conducting a vigorous investigation of the Dead Letter Office, and hopes to issue a bulletin soon.

┆

A farm machine has been invented which does the work of thirty-two men. This is the first intimation we've had that there were that many farmers left.

┆

Dayton, Tenn., has resumed its normal position on the receiving end of the radio.

┆

As the Mayor of Herrin, Illinois, said to the Mayor of Dayton, Tennessee, "It's a long time between publicity booms."

┆

It is reported that the "true" style of fiction is dying out, but we fear that this is too good to be true.

┆

"Roxy" of the radio has retired from the broadcasting business, which is a graceful way of giving his competitors the air.

┆

With Roxy absent, temporarily, from the ether, "What shall we do with Sunday evening?" becomes again the gravest problem confronting the American people to-day.

Coal strikes have threatened in Great Britain, Germany and the United States, proving that both sides in the late world conflict are now back on a pre-war basis.

┆

The veteran who is hiking from Swampscott to the American Legion Convention in Oklahoma with a letter from President COOLIDGE appears at least to have a correct impression of our mail service.

┆

Motorists of the United States use nine billion gallons of gasoline each year, or 79 per cent. of the world's supply. More than half of this quantity is burned driving around to find a place to park.

┆

There is nothing half-way about HENRY FORD. While other manufacturers

were outfitting their cars with balloon tires, he was teaching his how to fly.

┆

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad is raising its prices on commutation ticket books. They're getting out a de luxe edition for bibliophiles, probably.

┆

The PRINCE OF WALES, on his return from South Africa, will spend a few quiet weeks with home folks in the old country. In spite of this, the roto-gravure section editors aren't worrying; the annual beauty contest is to be held in Atlantic City next week.

┆

We suppose that the Prince has to go back to England every so often to get his sample case refilled.

Bedtime Story

ONCE there was a Statesman who decided that a New Era had come.

"Illiteracy has vanished from the land," he said. "The people are now enlightened. Bunkum is as obsolete as the thirty-cent dinner. Henceforth I shall tell them only the Truth."

So, when he came up for reelection, he made no extravagant promises. He told them that business was bad and he didn't know how to make it any better.

He told them that he had voted for laws that he now believed were rotten. He told them that taxes would have to be raised and that no millennium was in sight.

But he added that he would do all that a normally intelligent person could do to improve conditions.

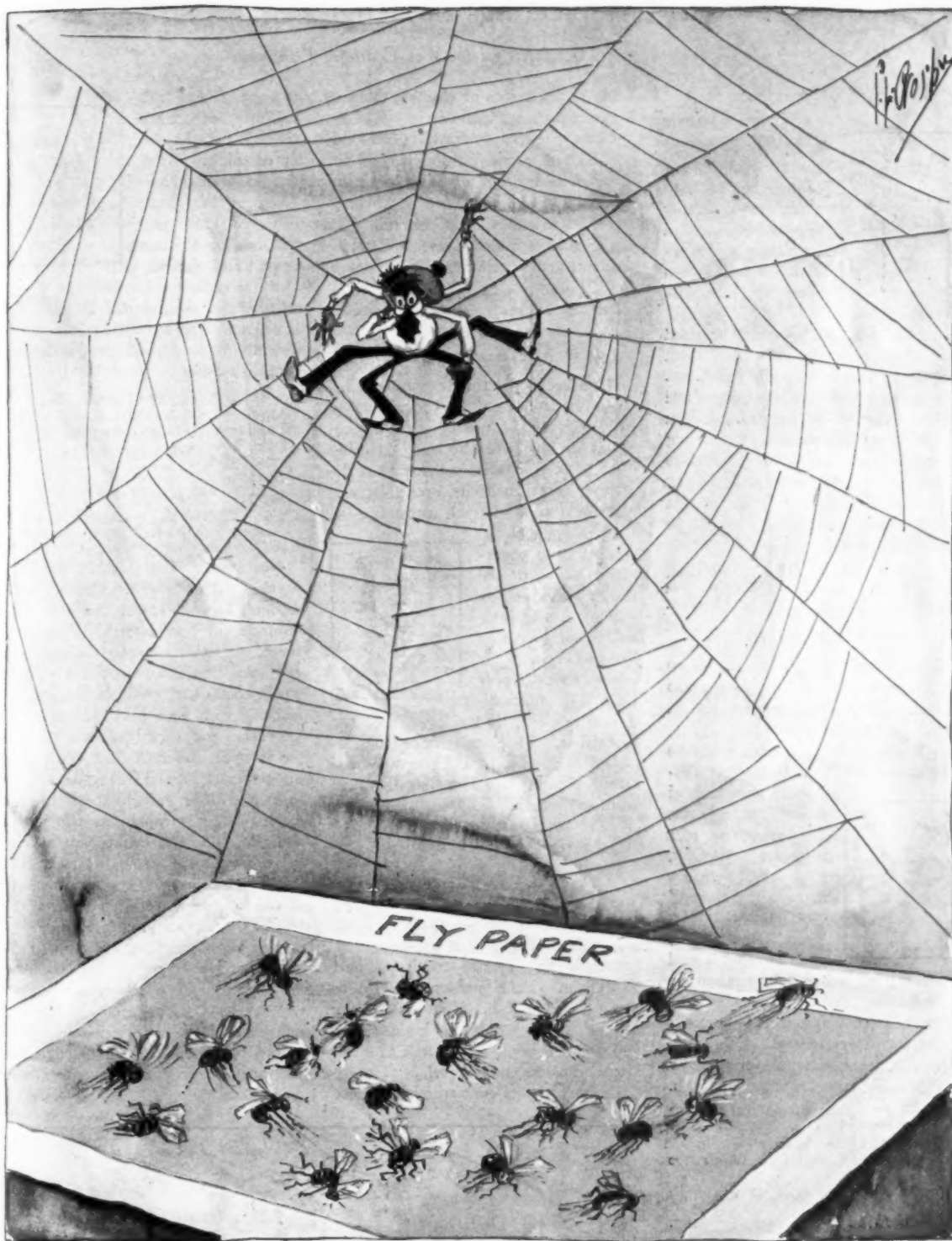
His opponent got the biggest plurality in history.

Bertram Bloch.



"WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?"

"YOUR HONOR, PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M A CROOK. THIS IS JUST A TEST CASE. I ROBBED THE APARTMENT MERELY TO CLARIFY PUBLIC OPINION ON THE BURGLARY LAW."



Spider: WHAT'S THE USE O' BEIN' AN ARTIST, WITH ALL THIS
COMMERCIALISM GOIN' ON?

Compleating Ye Angler

A Revised Sports Catalogue for the Well-Equipped Fisherman

I. NON-SNARL CASTING LINE



A SNARLING line is one of the most unpleasant companions to have along on a fishing trip, as its incessant grumbling and complaining will often spoil an otherwise pleasant afternoon.

Our "Non-Snarlo" variety is based on a sound scientific principle. Each inch of the line is carefully numbered. Consequently, when the line tangles and snarls at Number 26, for example, you can readily unwind the maze by reading backwards along the numbers from 26 to 25 to 24, etc., thus eventually solving the puzzle just in time to discover that it's getting dark and you've got to be starting back home.

No. 2—"Non-Snarlo"\$.88 a yd.
No. 2a—(with Roman Numerals in gilt)\$.88 a yd.

II. "OUR PLUPERFECT DISGUISE"

The first principle in fishing is to fool the fish. Do not let him guess for a moment what you are up to. Catch him off his guard.

For this purpose we offer a complete outfit, known as "Our Pluperfect Disguise," consisting of a long false beard, a longitudinal scar across the left cheek, and the fictitious name of "Henry." Not only will "Mr. Trout" bite like a good one, but he will be so embarrassed and sore when he perceives that the joke is "on him" that he will probably surrender himself without further resistance.



The disguise is also useful to wear home in case you don't get any fish.
No. 86—False Beard, all colors....\$.50 (with mustache)......51
No. 75—Dark Blue Spectacles, Tin Cup, Cane and Sign: "I am Blind". .90

III. "BINGO!" DYNAMITE BAIT

A distinct innovation in bait fishing. You can't lose your fish once he has swallowed the bait. No trouble landing the captive, no bother removing the

hook, no need even of cleaning the fish. Makes Sport a Pleasure.

These life-like "worms," filled with our highest grade nitro-glycerine, are lowered to the fish, who swallow them ravenously. All you need to do is to raise the fish to surface, hit him over the head with baseball bat, and as he descends again catch him with a bucket.

No. 96—"Sure Fire" (with Babe Ruth Baseball Bat).....\$.60 each

IV. THE ALL-DAY SUCKER

No fisherman is complete without his pipe. It is his closest companion all day long. It is usually clamped between his jaws when he lands "that big catch." It is invariably there when the picture is taken some hours later.

As a result of such constant use, the pipe is apt to become a little water-logged toward the end of a day, and by evening a good drag will sound something like the drain in the kitchen sink. To prevent this difficulty, we offer a Self-Bailing Pipe for Fishermen, with a small water-pump attached to the bowl, which may be operated without once removing the stem from the mouth.



No. 83—"The Scupper"\$.60 (additional rubber tubing)....60c a ft.

V. "LYF-LYK" RUBBER FISH

The question of how to carry home a full fishing equipment, including rod, basket, waders, tackle, etc., is not half so difficult as the problem of how to carry home no fish. You could sneak a ten-ton whale up the main street, and it would never attract half as much attention as an empty creel.

To remove this embarrassing feature

from the fishing trip, we offer our attractive "Lyf-Lyk" (pronounced "life-like") Rubber Fish. These artistic little fish are built like balloons, and when empty may be carried conveniently in the rear pocket. At the end of the day they may be blown up to any size that sounds consistent with your reputation, and swung carelessly from the hand.



No. 54—"Lyf-Lyk" Rubber Fish, per dozen\$7.00 (With artificial newt and snail attached)\$7.98

SOME ANGLER'S KNOTS

THE SNANGLE, a non-slip knot to combine line, leader, the fisherman himself and several overhanging branches.

Directions: Cast line over head, passing end of leader with hook twice through loop in leader and then back around your line, inserting upper loop through lower loop and making one end take two turns around the other, which comes back over the one you are working with, then pass the end of the gut back and forth between the two pieces until you have lost track of it altogether (*Figure A*); next whip line over dead branch ahead of you, make two turns rapidly around branch and then whip line behind you, making two more turns around second dead branch (*Figure B*); return hook through loops and fasten it firmly to trousers, just as you lose your balance altogether, fling out your arms wildly, and poke rod up into the dead branches of an overhanging hemlock tree, where it stays (*Figure C*); forming the "Snangle," which is guaranteed to remain tied long after you have cut yourself loose and gone home alone. Corey Ford.



Fig. A

Fig. B

Fig. C

Mrs. Peps Diary

August
13th

My household all a-flutter this morning over the arrival of a great salmon packed in ice, which Samuel, who is fishing in Canada, did send us, and so on the telephone for almost an hour trying to portion it out amongst those friends who are in town, finishing the business with a fair idea of how the man in the Bible must have felt when he had to send to the highways and byways for his dinner guests. Then did on my new black chiffon with the wide tuckings and forth to luncheon at the Plaza garden with Lydia Loomis, eating cucumbers against my doctor's orders with extreme enjoyment. But poor Lyd could talk of nought but her hair, which she is letting grow long again, and she did relate many of the devices to which she is put to manage it at its present awkward stage, and how the housemaid who brings her breakfast had, upon seeing her in a boudoir cap for the first time, burst out laughing and dropped the tray. Whereupon I was minded of the man in the aisle seat who, suddenly nauseated during a performance of Billie Burke in "Rose Briar," had caused an usher to remark, He's a damned good critic. Home, after searching vainly for a hat to suit me, and found there all sorts of rag, tag and bobtail come to keep me company, and they all did stop to dinner and were for taking me to the nine-o'clock train to Atlantic City, but I would not let them, having a deep distaste for social civilities in a railway station. When I do board a train, the only person to whom I wish to bid farewell is a porter.

August
14th

Awake betimes, clamoring to be off to a soothsayer on the boardwalk, but Co Scovil, my hostess, did beguile the idea from my mind with diverting gossip until a more suitable hour for arising, and Amanda did then feed us with so fine a breakfast that I was for living in nought but the present after I had eaten it. In a rolling
(Continued on page 29)



"THERE, WILLIE! LET THAT BE A WARNING TO YOU.
NEVER ROCK THE BOAT WHEN YOU ARE OUT IN ONE."

Bedtime Story

ONCE upon a time, when all the world was very young, a big corporation was putting up a tower.

Everything was going along well enough, when one of the firm who believed in New Methods came to the conclusion that things could be much better.

"Verily," said he, "I will summon unto us one (1) Efficiency Expert who will instruct us in the process of Speeding Up."

Which he did straightway.

The Efficiency Expert examined the situation scornfully and then spake as follows: "Gentlemen, your workmen waste four hundred and sixteen normal, or eighty-eight plumber's, hours in useless conversation every day."

"But how can we prevent that?" asked the Firm.

"That is very simple," said the Efficiency Expert. "Employ no two men who speak the same language."

And that, dear children, is how the Tower of Babel came not to be built.

Bertram Bloch.



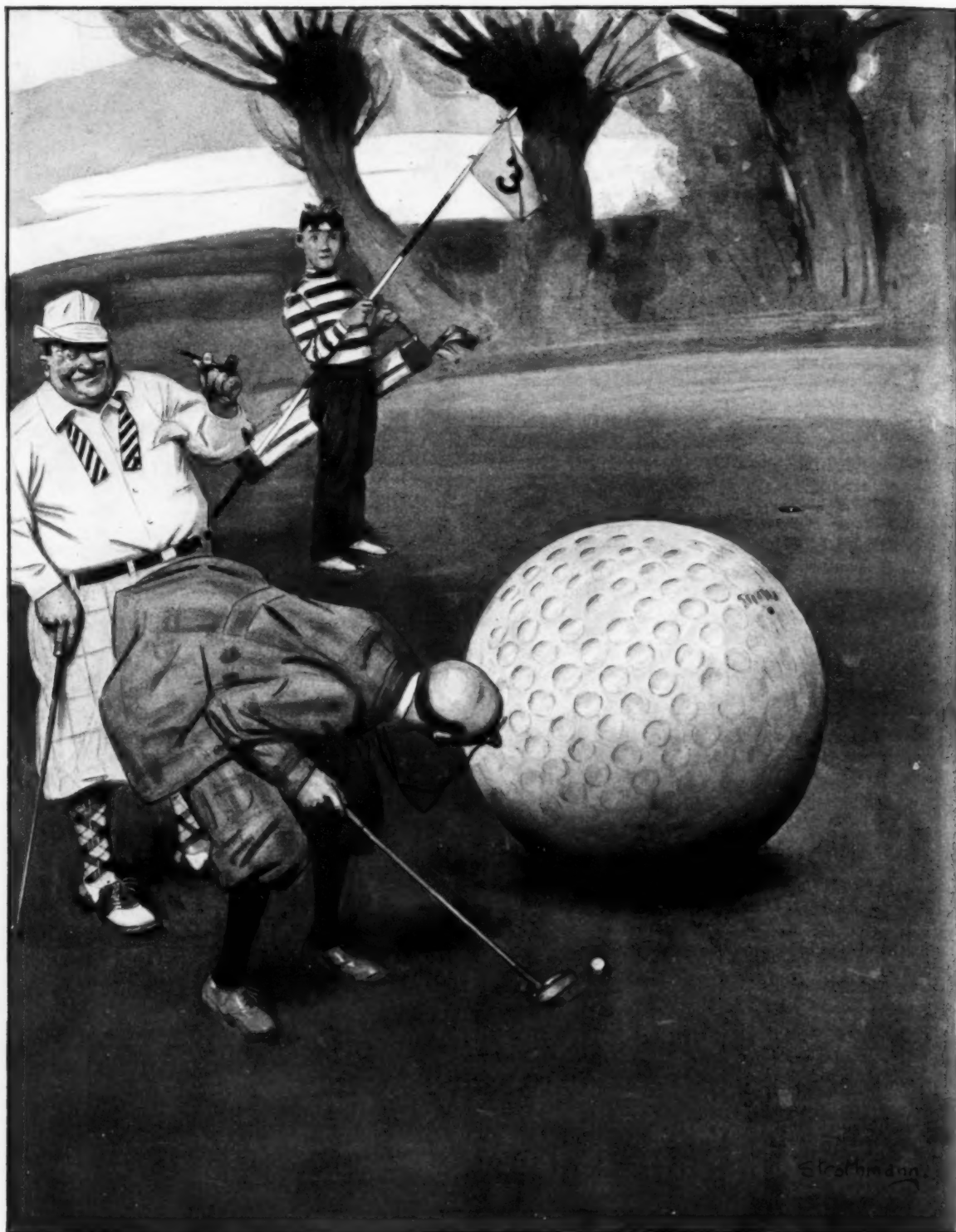
"GOING TOURING IN TH' OLD BUS THIS SUMMER, MR. SMITH?"

"TOURIN' NOTHIN'! WE GOT TH' BEST LITTLE HOT-DOG STAND IN TH' COUNTRY, RIGHT HERE IN HIXVILLE."

Circumstantial

"IS your son going to college this fall?"

"He hasn't said, but he has bought a second-hand ukulele."



MENTAL HAZARDS — NO. 5

STYMIE.

Sic Transit

("Thousands of Volstead cases have been nolle prossed in the New York district because the defendants have died or are listed as 'lost'."—*News item.*)

THE JUDGE: The Clerk will call the next case.

THE CLERK: "The United States *versus* Peter Stuyvesant—"

THE PROSECUTOR: *Who?*

THE CLERK: Peter Stuyvesant.

THE DEFENSE COUNSEL: Yurronor, I submit that I've looked all through the records and the only Peter Stuyvesant I can find is somebody they named a high school after. Now, Yurronor, I submit that, said high school being considered as being now and hereinafter the estate of said Peter Stuyvesant, there exists no evidence that—

THE CLERK: The paper's kind of yellow, but the name's perfectly clear. Peter Stuyvesant. The date is sixteen hundred and something. (*Brightly.*) It's probably an old case.

THE PROSECUTOR (*relieved*): Well, then, it must have happened before I took office.

THE CLERK: "That said Peter Stuyvesant did, by force and arms, on or about the aforesaid fourth day of March, sixteen-hundred-and-something"—(*apologetically*)—it's sort of blurred here—"feloniously, illegally, illicitly and surreptitiously, sell, vend and otherwise dispose of—"

THE PROSECUTOR: Never mind that. What did he do?

THE CLERK: Well, it seems he charged two guilders for a jorum of Hollander.

THE PROSECUTOR: Two *what* for a *what* of *what*?

THE DEFENSE COUNSEL: I know. You take distilled water and three drops of—

THE CLERK: I beg your pardon. *Four* drops.

THE JUDGE: Court rules three to be correct. Is the defendant present?

AN ATTENDANT: Is Peter Stuyvesant here?

A VISITOR (*whispering*): I think that guy's dead.

THE ATTENDANT: May it please Yurronor, Peter Stuyvesant is not present.

THE JUDGE: Order case dismissed. Clerk, call next case.

THE CLERK: "The United States *versus* Henry Hudson—"

THE PROSECUTOR: *Who?*

And so on.

Tip Bliss.

"THIS," said Phidias, as he finished the frieze of the Parthenon, "is a great relief."



Teacher of Flying: IT'S ALL RIGHT THIS TIME BUT DON'T EVER AGAIN TURN THE DO-HICKY THAT RUNS THE WHAT-CHA-CALL-IT.

These Americans

The Michigander

HE thinks all roads lead to Detroit.

He thinks anybody who doesn't own an automobile can't mean right by our Nell.

He thinks there are better fish in his lakes than ever were caught.

He knows that if he ever goes blind he can vote the Republican ticket by touch.

He thinks that football was discontinued the year Willie Heston was graduated.

McC. H.

Not a Total Loss

FIRST STUDENT: Did you get anything out of Prof. Blinks' course in modern salesmanship?

SECOND STUDENT: Sure did. It only took me five minutes to sell Dad that it wasn't my fault I flunked it.



First Cowpuncher: WHERE YUH HEADIN' FER, BILL?

"OH, NO PLACE IN P'TICULAR, JES' OUT SEEIN' TH' SIGHTS."



AUGUST 20, 1925

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*
 LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*



THE editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* has been over to inspect England and at the request of the (London) *Spectator* imparted to that paper the results of his inquisition. They do not make entirely cheerful reading for the English or their friends, albeit they abound in admiration of the great English qualities.

Mr. Sedgwick thinks the practice of sending out the likeliest young graduates of the English universities, "to administer the destinies of alien peoples and to neglect their own," is the heaviest tribute a nation ever paid; he complains of "muddle through," as belonging to "the era when volunteers won wars"; he failed to find any serious insistence on governmental economy; he wonders if the British policies of maintaining the national credit and taxing to the limit of endurance will beat the German plan of letting credit go hang and organizing industry. Will the British methods save British trade? He wonders, doubtful of the outcome but admiring the experiment, the public courage that is behind it, the sense of "weary cheerfulness" hovering about it which he finds unmatched. He admires, too, English lack of prejudice, the willingness to let the other man be as odd as he will, the toleration that Britain, he says, alone among democracies, really regards as a virtue.

Parliament, he says, has lost its old distinction; horse-racing flourishes, gambling increases, but "drunkenness is declining, slums are receding, crime grows visibly less." Britain must make a better living, Mr. Sedgwick finds, if all Englishmen are to be well paid,

and he wonders how she can do it, but still he discerns in Trafalgar Square the very centre of the world.

Mr. Sedgwick has described a nation whose life is based in faith. "Muddle along" means to them to do the best they can and leave the rest to destiny. Somehow Mr. Sedgwick's talk reminds one of what Mr. Morgan said was the chief basis of credit. Character, he told the committee of Congress, was what money was lent on.

Our British brethren are not nearly dead enough yet to bury. Bro. Sedgwick is hereby invited to take courage about them, and if he cares to join the Rev. George McGinniss at Waunita Springs, Colorado, to organize the belief (or hallucination, maybe) that the Anglo-Saxons are the descendants of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel, and so unbeatable, and inevitably predestined to work together in the service of mankind, why, here's wishing him god-speed.



CHINA is still a topic. The situation there is comparable with that in Mexico before the Great War, when there was a weak government that could not keep order, and foreigners were being robbed and murdered and everybody scolded Mr. Wilson for not going in and producing order.

Happily China is not Mexico, and in China our responsibility is less particular, and what we do must be done with the concurrence of the other eight powers that we work with. All of them seem to want China to work out her own problems with only so much prodding from the outside as will assist her efforts. Maybe the Japanese have as-

pirations in the back of their heads that don't match that theory, but at least they don't admit it. The sentiment of Boxer times that China must be taught a lesson is quite absent. Not lessons but hospital treatment is prescribed for her now. No one wants to embarrass her with military activities, and the Russians would probably make no complaint if Chinese bandits killed all the foreigners in China, which would doubtless strike them as a timely promotion of the process of making the world safe for soviets.

It is a great process, this one of making the world safe for various ideas and the folks who entertain them. It is, on the whole, the most important process now working visibly in this world. It involves, of course, violent conflicts of interests. The recent proceedings in Tennessee were a part of it, but so is almost everything that goes on, from the tariff to the 18th Amendment, and from the sufferings of the commuters on the New Haven road to the plight of the textile mills consequent on the decree of the fashion-makers that the fair shall shed two-thirds of their clothing.



MR. BRYAN seemed to lack sympathy with this idea of making the world safe for folks who did not think as he did. It is hoped that his sudden death will not promote the accomplishment of the aims that engaged him in his last days. Those aims, though they seemed to him so pious, were by no means helpful to religion. With all his gifts, which were so notable, he was a remarkable example of the limitations of the human mind, and of the objection to restricting the pursuit of truth to fit, at any given time, those limitations.

Thousands of observers could see where Mr. Bryan's mind failed to reach to what to them was obvious. They saw him fail to understand things clear to them, at the same time that he took hard hold of some vital beliefs that men of a different training missed. But the minds of all of us are more or less like that. We know or take in more than some one else does, but don't know *all* about anything, and if we put the fence of what we happen to know or think around truth, inevitably we invite rebellion. *E. S. Martin.*



"YESSIR, SOMEBODY OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING!"



C. Whiting





Vienna Letter

Vienna, July 19.

WE haven't very much money left, but we would gladly give fifteen or twenty dollars of it (a little over a million kronen in vanilla money) to watch George Bernard Shaw's face at a performance of his "St. Joan" such as is being given here by the Russians of Tairoff's *Kammertheater*. If he is the man that he ought to be, he would laugh his head off.

For these Russian boys have taken his sacred 'script, which the New York Theatre Guild nearly bled itself to death over, and have put it on with boards and gunny-sack and made a circus of it. The characters, with the exception of *Joan*, are clowns. The settings are thrown together out of ill-fitting laths. The *Dauphin*, in actual clown make-up, with a little hat on the side of his head and a long feather trailing to one side, sits on an arrangement of boards like the bleachers at the Polo Grounds, clad in skin tights with a tiny dab of imperial ermine on the shoulders, and giggles pleasantly while huge, bulbous-nosed churchmen discuss the state of the realm. The soldiers wear flannel uniforms, with nominal tin fittings to suggest armor, and tomato-can helmets. The *Maid* alone is immune from the devastating parody.



ALL this, of course, sharpens the satire to the point of burlesque and makes it a hundred times more malign. If Shaw really means to kid his countrymen, if the centuries and centuries of repetition of the same old historic formulas, the pomp and ceremony and the majestic clash of arms, are to him the bunk that they seem to be, then he ought to adopt these Russians as his sons. If he is sore at what they have done, he doesn't understand his Shaw, that's all.



AFTER "The Miracle," we rather felt that Max Reinhardt had some working arrangement with God, whereby he was to handle all terrestrial productions on a flat ten-per-cent. basis and see that they were done right. This contract is off, if we have any influence at all. For at Reinhardt's own *Theater in der Josephstadt*, under his own direction, we have seen as ham a performance of "*Jaurez und Maximilian*" as you could find outside the Grand Opera House, Boston. There is stamping and raging

and eye-snapping, and a last-minute hope of reprieve from the Governor, together with considerable mutterings under the breath. All in all, something for thirty-five cents.

The fact that the play itself is nothing but an old-time historical bass-drum, such as has put the Eaves Costume Company on its feet, doesn't help the Reinhardt case much. With one or two exceptions, the acting and direction are as ham as the 'script. The Russians, with their ramshackle production, the down-at-the-heel Germans in their dingy theatres in Munich, almost any organization of actors who read the newspapers at all, could do better by the beautiful theatre in which the Reinhardt organization is housed.



THE settings are, of course, effective, but not one whit (one whit equals two jots, four jots one tittle) more so than what Jones, Simonson or Geddes could do with one hand and four fingers behind the back. To-morrow night they are going to do Galsworthy's "*Loyalties*," and if they charge through that as they did through "*Jaurez und Maximilian*," Mr. Galsworthy will have grounds for legal action. If the thing really was, as the program states, "*unter der Führung von Max Reinhardt*," the Beechwood Players of Scarborough, New York, should be greatly encouraged. They have done better under these very eyes.



A CHARMING little bijou called "*Oscar mit der langen Nase*" at the *Kammerspiele* only goes to prove that the double bed is an international prop, that you don't have to understand German to get around in Vienna, and that Avery Hopwood has nowhere near exhausted his supply of foreign adaptations.



THE discouraging part of our Vienna campaign is that we had to come all the way to Austria to enjoy Russian players, when, for much less money, we could have stayed right in New York City, their home grounds.

Robert Benchley.



"SEE, I ONLY GOT TWO TEETH IN FRONT, SKIPPY—I'LL
SHOW YA WHAT I CAN DO WITH THEM."



"SEE, I PUT A RUBBER BAND AROUND 'EM AND PLAY AS
NICE A TUNE AS YA GET IN OPPREE—THAT'S MORE'N
YOU CAN DO."



"DON'T YA WISH YOU COULD DO THIS?"



Skippy: DON'T YA WISH YOU COULD DO THIS?

Skippy

Reversal

SHE was just a poor little girl from the city, cast by the bewildering currents of life into the maelstrom of Grubb's Corners. A short year back she had been gay and blithesome—a rare flower in the perfect setting of Broadway's glittering supper clubs.

A short year back she had not known the insidious influences of Grubb's Corners; a short year back. And now—

Where were those lovely rose leaves that used to blossom on her cheeks? Wilted, alas. Where the deep carmine that curved with her cherry-ripe lips? Faded, forever faded. Where the artistic shadows beneath her eyes; the heavy mascara that beaded her lashes; the Ritz clip that adorned her graceful neck? Gone, all gone, the old, familiar graces.

She walked slowly, as one in sorrow; and her glance strayed to the Grubb's Corners General Store, across the roadway. Mr. Grubb was affixing a new sign to the front of the dusty window. Idly, she read; and then she



"HOW IN HECK CAN I PLAY THAT BALL?"

stopped as though she had been stabbed by sudden pain. Her hands instinctively shielded her eyes as she turned quickly away from the tragic reminder of other days which flaunted itself across the store front, but not without one last, pained look at that cruel message, so fraught with memories:

BUTTER AND EGGS.

A sob racked her frail body, and she hurried away.

James Kevin McGuinness.

Ode to Summer

SING for summer!
When the ragamuffins splash
In the stream of the fire-hose;
When poor folk crawl
To the roof-tops for air,
Or ride the trolleys
To the crowded beach;
When the iceman scurries
Along the hot street.

Sing for summer,
When the rich man
Piles high in his cellar
Anthracite coal!

W. L. Werner.

Variant Feminine

DAUGHTER: Mama, what is an optimist?

MAMA: An optimist, my daughter, is a woman who thinks her friends think she looks as young as they say she looks.

THE voice in the wilderness—
"Where's the can opener, dear?"



WELL, RATHER

The Younger One: ARE THEY BITIN' TO-DAY, MISTER?



Life and Letters

IT is well known that Lord Byron was the Rudolph Valentino of his day, as far as the ladies of London went—and how far some of them *did* go, especially poor Lady Caroline Lamb!—but not until you have read “Glorious Apollo,” by E. Barrington (Dodd, Mead), will you realize to the full how in every way Byron comported himself like a movie actor—and a ham one, at that. This fictionization of his life is as meaty as “The Divine Lady,” in which the same author used the unfortunate Lady Hamilton as a central figure, and that is saying a good deal. Everything in the book is founded on fact—even the letters, with one exception, are authentic.

It was news to me that Byron started out as an extremely fat young man—so obese that his friend Dallas feared for his health. Perceiving this danger himself, he retired to Newstead, and dieted—on biscuits, soda water and rice soaked in vinegar!—into the marvelous personal beauty which was the wonder of all who beheld him. From then on he counted his calories.

One thing which caused me almost to burst into tears was the constant reiteration that Byron would take no money for what he wrote. He turned over all his royalties to Dallas, feeling that a nobleman would be degraded by deriving profit from his talents. I have always held with Dr. Johnson—how much alike that old gentleman and I think on so many moot points!—that the man who writes for anything but money is a fool.

It is inevitable in a novel about a great poet that samples of his verse creep in to amplify this or that statement in the text. Judging from those which E. Barrington was obliged to use in this connection, it is also, if you get what I mean, too bad.

WEARY as I am of main streets and bored as I am by Babbitts, there are mo-

ments in life when I have a sneaking feeling that there can be such a thing as too much sophistication. The “fashionable intelligentsia of Long Island” (if any, for I quote from the jacket), done up something à la Ronald Firbank, leave me decidedly cold. However, if you want to keep abreast with what is going on in the fiction market, you will probably have to read “Week-End,” by Charles Brackett (McBride). It is the kind of thing which people ring you up and tell you not to miss, and which causes a good deal of whispered merriment in the smaller and more fashionable bookshops. Just a nice, cheerful bunch of oversexed booze-hounds playing around from Friday to Monday through a maze of would-be shocking dialogue which Harvard and Amherst sophomores of the “advanced school” turn out by the theme-book. Caviar to the general, certainly, and applesauce to at least one daughter of the regiment.

IF it hadn't been for “Week-End,” I probably should not have reacted with such enthusiasm to “The Cheerful Fraud,” by K. R. G. Browne (Putnam), but if you happen to waken at 4 A. M. with no hope of getting to sleep again, “The Cheerful Fraud” is exactly the book to take the curse off your insomnia. It is all about a young baronet who sees a pretty girl in a park and sets out to follow her to the ends of the earth without having to go farther than Hertfordshire. There is a good deal of masquerading and impersonation—doesn't the villain pretend to be *Sir Michael Fairlie* to the very household in which our hero, the real Sir Mike, has hired himself out as secretary? There is also much catch-as-catch-can play with a box of jewels, and a good deal of popping in and out of doors. But it is all well and humorously done, and is herewith recommended for your next railway journey.

(Continued on page 31)



Young Husband (reading advertisement): DEAREST, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE ONE OF THOSE FIVE-FOOT BOOKSHELVES?

His Little Wife: CERTAINLY, SWEETHEART! I THINK THAT'S A VERY NICE HEIGHT.



THE GAY NINETIES

IT IS HARD TO CONCEIVE, IN THIS DAY AND AGE, THAT THERE REALLY ONCE WAS A TIME WHEN THE "HE-PELICANS" IN FRONT OF THE CIGAR STORE GOT A WHOLE OF A THRILL OUT OF JUST A MERE ANKLE.

This Must Not Be

I SEE by the papers the Marines are about to withdraw from Nicaragua. I have written to the President about this. If it should really take place the effect on the country would be serious. The withdrawal of the Marines from Nicaragua is one of America's myths. Ever since anybody can remember the Marines have been about to withdraw. Nobody ever knew why they were there or why they were leaving; but the regularity with which they were announced to withdraw held the world steady. No matter what might befall, the Marines were withdrawing from Nicaragua as usual and all would be well.

The national mental image of a Marine is that of a soldierly young man in the act of abandoning Nicaragua. It is to be hoped that the newspapers are mistaken about

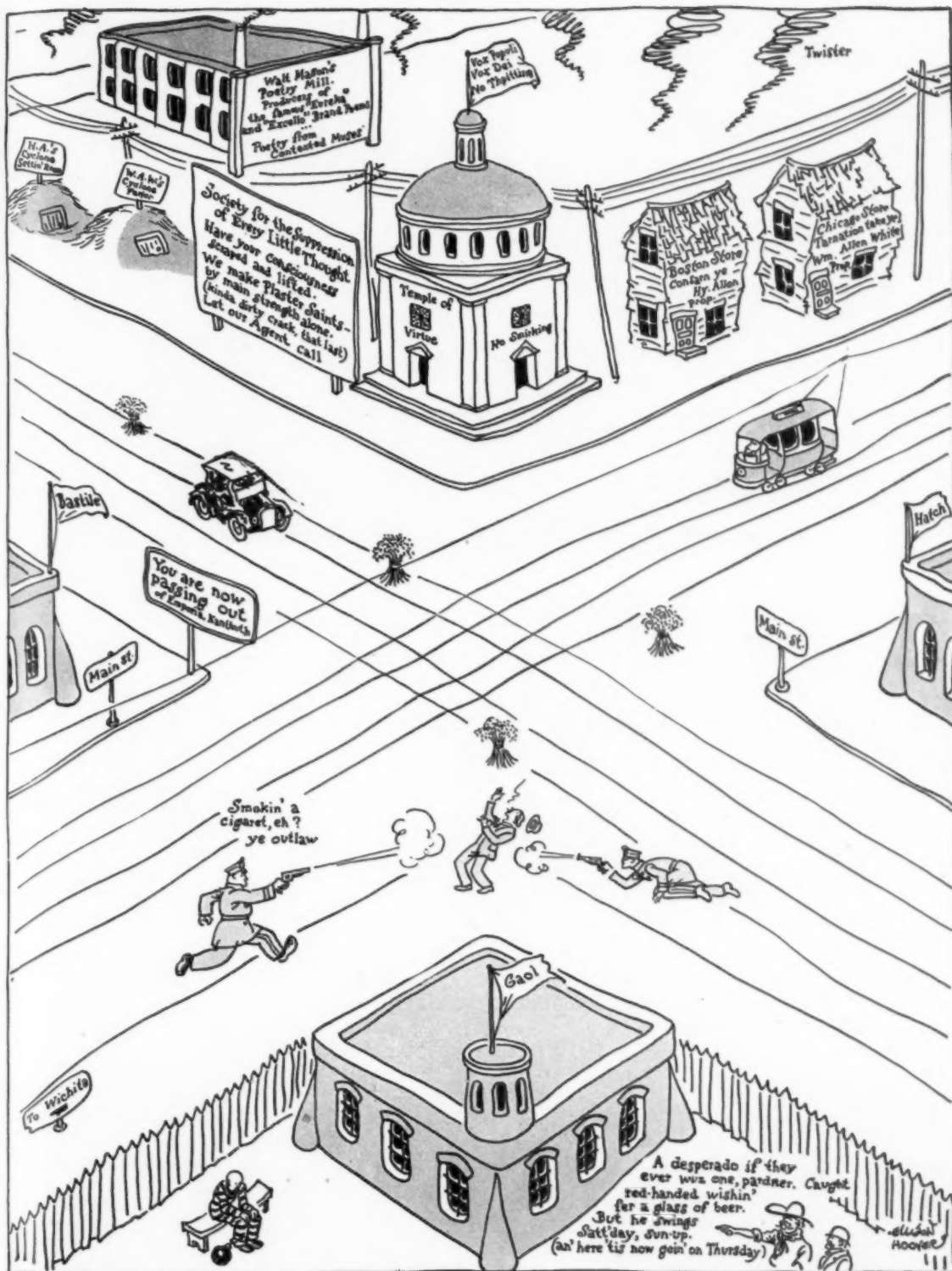
the withdrawal as usual, because a revision of the traditional idea of the Marines would be dangerous. For our part, we would as soon give up our faith in Santa Claus as accept the fact that the Marines had actually withdrawn from Nicaragua.

McCready Huston.

Nubbville Spark

AN airship flew over Nubbville yesterday afternoon, but unfortunately nobody got to see it as it passed too soon after Mitch Farling had found a dime near the station.

"KICKED by a mule?"
"No, I was doing the Charleston with a green partner."



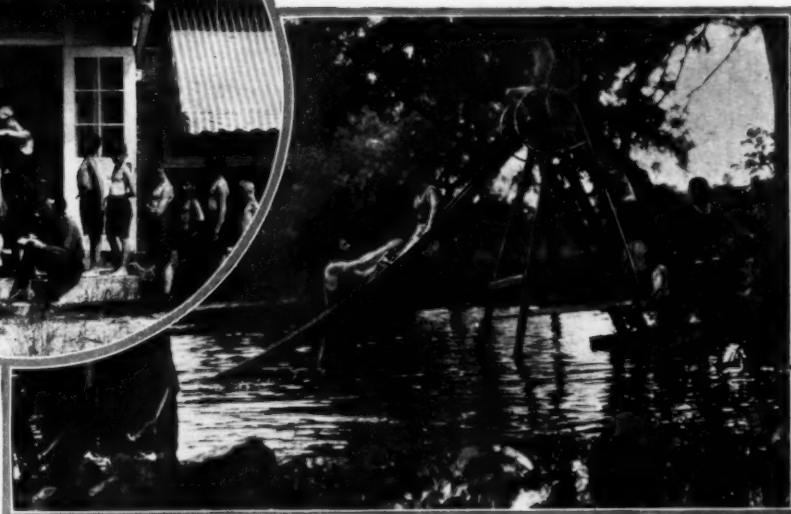
An Impression of Emporia, Kansas
By One Who Has Never Been There

"Let's Call it a Day"

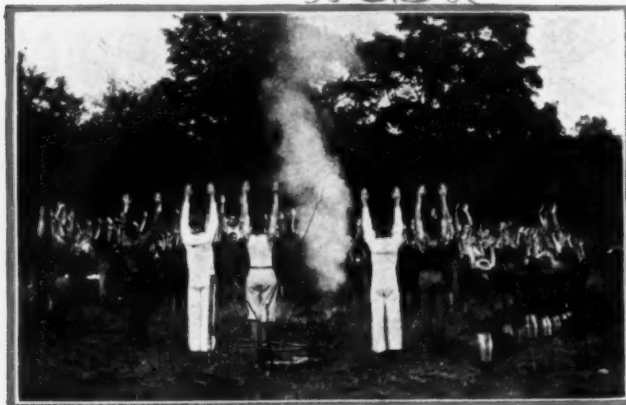
Or at least part of a day, at LIFE'S Fresh Air Camp for Boys at Pottersville, N. J.



Weighing out! Five pounds heavier and ten pounds happier than when he came.



The top of the morning! A deep plunge into joy—and no thought of the swarming streets they've left behind.



Pot luck, indeed! This little lad came for a fortnight and is staying all summer as Mr. Louis' aide-de-camp.



Great stuff! The mystic Indian fire and a real red-man's chant.



"Uncle Sam—We're Here!"

Please turn to page 33

Antiphony

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;

But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

—LONGFELLOW.

I MUST have been mistaken, then.
I thought that great men did so well
Because they slept while other men
Were sitting up and raising hell.

Baird Leonard.

Afternoons in Bellevue

Making Advertising Pay

CRAZY HARRY looked carefully about him before whispering cautiously to the Fried Egg: "I suppose you saw in the paper where the French Government has leased the privilege of advertising on the Eiffel Tower to an auto company?"

The Fried Egg gave a start. It was difficult, in one jump, to leap from the frying-pan in which he was sizzling so comfortably into the midst of a conversation with his friend.

"I'm sorry," he replied diffidently, "but I haven't read the papers at all lately and I've had no time for sports."

"You never read anything but cook-books," grumbled Harry, and relapsed into silence. The Fried Egg was plainly disturbed at his companion's quiet.



Golfer: I'VE GOT A NIBLICK WHICH I PAID TWELVE DOLLARS FOR.
Dumb Dora: WHY DIDN'T YOU PAY A LITTLE MORE AND GET A BUICK?

"Do you care for prunes?" he asked at length, in a desperate effort to draw him out conversationally. But a new light had come into Harry's eyes and again he glanced around for possible cavedroppers.

"If the French can do it, why can't we?" Harry continued, gazing at the Egg defiantly.

The latter beamed with pleasure. "That's just what I have always contended," he answered. "They have a dozen names for fried eggs that make them sound twice as appetizing and ex-

pensive. But in this country a fried egg has no class at all. Now you take a prune, for instance—"

"I won't," snapped Crazy Harry abruptly. "I'm still sticking to the Eiffel Tower, if you don't mind. Now—"

"They should have greased it first," suggested the Egg, who considered himself an expert on such matters. But Harry went on rapidly, paying no attention to him.

"Now my plan is this," he said. "I will make a fortune leasing the advertising concessions for the White House, the Mint and the backs of women who attend the Inaugural Ball. Just think of the display!"

"Liver pill signs on the White House would be wonderful," sighed the Fried Egg, "but wouldn't the public object?"

"Don't be an idiot," answered Crazy Harry. "Look at the signboards they have stuck up in the best parts of the country. They don't mind them, do they?" Again he glanced about.

"Expecting some one?" asked the Fried Egg curiously.

"No," explained Harry, "I'm just afraid this idea may get out."

"Out—out," repeated the Egg speculatively. "There! I knew that reminded me of something. Like a good fellow, see if the gas hasn't gone out under me, too, won't you?"

Tracy Hammond Lewis.

Better Form

HE: Who taught you how to swim?
SHE: Nobody, but my sister taught me how to sit on the beach.



"NOW, CYNTHIA, THINK WHAT IT IS YOU DO. YOU DOT YOUR I'S AND CROSS YOUR—"

"OH, I KNOW. YOU CROSS YOUR LEGS."

THE SILENT DRAMA



"A Slave of Fashion"

EQUIPPED with an incredibly piffling story, and utterly devoid of any legitimate dramatic interest, "A Slave of Fashion" nevertheless manages to be pretty consistently interesting. It is so because Norma Shearer can engage and hold the attention as successfully as any movie actress now playing; because Lew Cody has developed into a singularly graceful actor, and because Hobart Henley has done an excellent job of direction.

The object of "A Slave of Fashion" is to demonstrate that a poor girl from Iowa can invade New York and wear clothes with the best of them—and this should cause the picture to go well in box-office circles. It is the poor girls in Iowa, presumably, who make the movies possible. Thus, the magnates can't be blamed for kissing the hand that feeds them—and I, for one, won't complain so long as all poor Iowa girls are impersonated by Norma Shearer.

"Eve's Lover"

PERHAPS "Eve's Lover" would appear better were it not for the fact that it so closely resembles, in everything but quality, that exceptional picture, "Smouldering Fires." It also is about a cold business woman who is thawed by love, but it is neither written nor directed nor played with the distinction that marked "Smouldering Fires" for approval.

The best that can be accorded to "Eve's Lover" is a modicum of faint praise—and if any one can tell me how many gills, or ounces, or milligrams there are in a modicum, I shall be glad to measure out the allotment now.

"Never the Twain Shall Meet"

PERSONALLY, I don't care if I never see another picture or play or book in which a white man and a native girl discover that, after all, "your ways are not my ways—your people are not my people—East is East, and West is West, you know."

"Never the Twain Shall Meet" is an addition to the list of grudges against Rud-



Soldier (to former buddy): CONGRATULATIONS, BILL. I HEARD THE GOVERNMENT HAD AWARDED YOU THE D. S. M.
"NO—THE D. S. C., JIM."

yard Kipling (the chief of which is inspired by his line, "But that is another story"). It is absurd sensationalism, expensively but stupidly produced, and redeemed only by a few flashes of sincerity from Anita Stewart.

"Kiss Me Again"

THE Greater Movie Season has produced, to date, two greater movies—"Kiss Me Again" (directed by Ernst Lubitsch) and "The Unholy Three" (directed by Tod Browning). This is a good record, and demonstrates that the film industry is ready to stand squarely behind our dear president, Will H. Hays, and push.

"Kiss Me Again" is not by any means the best that Lubitsch has given us, but it is sufficiently typical of his work to be registered far above the dull movie average. It has the intellectual effervescence, the sophisticated sparkle that he alone can achieve on the screen. It is adult entertainment—

and when I say "adult," I use the word in its mental rather than its physical sense. (Peter Pan is not the only mortal who will never grow up.)

The story is extremely slight, one of those triangular affairs with which Gallic drama abounds, but it is developed with such delightful impertinence, such utter disregard for the accepted movie forms and traditions, and such perfect consistency, that it is as amusing, in its quiet way, as the most hilarious slap-stick comedy.

As with all of Lubitsch's pictures, "Kiss Me Again" is superlatively well played—the honors going to Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, John Roche and Clara Bow.

OF "The Unholy Three" I shall have more to say next week.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)

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HOTELS can do a lot toward making the hard work of traveling easier for you.

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We try to meet you with courtesy—and with helpfulness, if that's what you need. We try to look at things from your point of view. We try to anticipate your wants, as far as we can—and that's surprisingly far, when you come to think of it. And if, despite our trying, there's a slip in service which displeases you, prompt and satisfactory adjustment will be made for the asking.

In anticipating your wants we know, for instance, that you want cleanliness—and we're cranks about having things clean. We know you'll want a completely equipped bathroom, so we have no guest rooms without one. We know you'll want ice water frequently, so it's

piped to your room. We know you'll want to see a paper when you get up in the morning, so we slip one under your door while you sleep. We know you're apt to want something to read besides what you have with you, or the magazines you buy, so we have libraries waiting your request for "a

good book." The list of things in which your wants are anticipated, in these hotels, would be long, long.

So remember, when you're coming to a Statler city, that you won't have to argue us into giving you the things you want.

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And remember that every room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice water, and many

other conveniences of equipment and furnishings that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

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And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York



For a Columnist

Here lies a columnist. He died
Of ingrown grammar and weak spell-
ing;
Malignant punctuation tried
His soul; also there was a swelling
Of the contributorial verse,
And complicate chirography,
Durante vito, made things worse,
Poor heart! In heaven's typography
Shrdlu et etaoin is he.

—*Kent, in Akron Beacon Journal.*

The Happier Ending

GOVERNESS (*finishing story*): "And
so they were married and lived happily
ever after." There! Isn't that lovely?

MODERN CHILD: Very nice and placid,
but I'd rather have had the thrill of a
divorce.—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

An English scientist says play is sap-
ping England's vitality. But they don't
all call it play. Some of them call it
unemployment.—*Kansas City Star.*



DISQUALIFIED

"IS IT TRUE THAT SAILORS HAVE A
WIFE IN EVERY PORT?"

"ER—I'M SORRY, MA'AM, BUT THIS
AIN'T A PORT, MA'AM."

—*Humorist (London).*

Dressing the Part

There's a story that has to do with a
stage manager who was rehearsing a mob
scene for a new play. After he had
directed the men who had been selected
for the scene he told them to report at
the theatre that evening, adding:

"This scene we've rehearsed takes
place in Russia, and I want all you guys
in fur overcoats."

"But I haven't got a fur overcoat," pro-
tested one of the poor actors.

"That's none of my business," replied
the stage manager. "If you're not dressed
for Russia I won't let you go on."

The extra arrived at the theatre that
night—but without a fur coat.

"Didn't I tell you I wouldn't let you go
on unless you were dressed for Russia?"
said the stage manager.

"But I've got on two suits of under-
wear," protested the poor actor.

—*New York Evening World.*

Careful!

Notice in a coal mine near Pendle-
bury, England:

"Visitors are requested not to fall
down the pit, as there are workmen
at the bottom."

—*Living Age.*

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VAN HEUSEN
the World's smartest COLLAR
 Phillips-Jones New York City

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 11)

chair to Young's pier to see the net haul, after viewing which I could but hope for the truth of the statement that there are just as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught, nor was I anxious to venture into an ocean so filled with evil-looking inhabitants. But I could not resist the temptation of donning my new bathing suit, so back home and forth for a dip, swallowing as little salt water as possible, thereby disappointing Mr. Goldstein of the coast defense, who made out as if the government had stationed him there for the sole purpose of saving my life. ...To the Ritz for dinner, Co and I so longing for a game of cards afterwards that we did decide to stop in the middle of the lounge on our exit and shout, Any two people here who want to play bridge please hold up their hands, but of course we did do no such thing, convention-ridden beings that we are. Instead, to "The Student Prince," down on the Garden pier, and home, full of its tuneful melodies, to bed.

August
15th

Awake betimes, attempting once more to decipher the postcard I did receive from Harry Fenby a full three days ago, and finally made it out to be, Am spending a week here trying to learn to play golf. Whereupon it was my obvious duty to answer him, You would better learn to write first. Lord! my own chirography is none too clear, but at least one word in three is legible, and I do consider scandalous the evident effort of present-day letter writers to mystify their friends, and many men of my acquaintance say they do make no response to communications on which the signature seems affectedly obscure. The exaggerated courtesy which has developed in some of our commercial organizations is also a matter for interesting reflection. Not long ago a children's apparel shop did write Annie Akers asking why she had never used her account, and Annie did amuse herself by answering facetiously, giving a lack of progeny as the basis of her defection. Whereupon some office manager, probably noting that at least one answer had resulted from the campaign, did write Annie back, stating that he was very glad, since her having no children could not possibly be *their* fault, etc. And Bob Akers, coming upon the letter, did demand stormily, Who is this man telling you that your not having children isn't his fault? and did threaten her with divorce, and what not, until the jest had worn itself out.

Baird Leonard.

"Don't you just love *hoi polloi*?"

"Dear me, no—those Chinese dishes are so fattening."



SEAMANSHIP AND A NATION OF MARINERS

FROM the far off-time when Jacques Cartier sailed his brave little boat out of grey old St. Malo harbor to find the thousand-mile St. Lawrence on the other side of the world, the men of Brittany have always been sailors. The quickest of the little feet in sabots are always set apart to seek the sea . . . and the fairest of the little faces under the wide lace caps always grow up to wait for them.

The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique (French Line) alone has a hundred and ten ships on the seven seas, with thousands of these sturdy French seaman manning them.

And in the great ship yard at St. Nazaire in Brittany, more ships are being born every year. . . . When you go to France, sail with a French crew. You'll never find better sailors. They serve with the French Line because these boats are France afloat and, by one of the quickest and easiest routes, reach the land of the Tri-color.

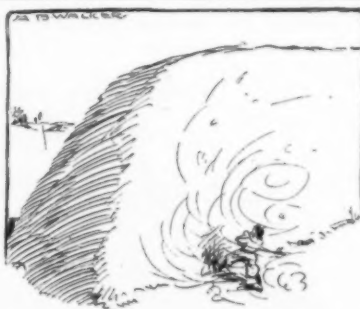
Walk into France at the French Line gangplank in New York . . . at Havre, the port of Paris, just another gangplank . . . then the boat train — and in three hours you're in Paris.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York



Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities
of Europe and the United States



BUNKERS

WE CONSISTENTLY MAKE A MOUNTAIN OUT OF WHAT THE BLASÉ STARS FLIP-PANTLY TREAT AS A MERE MOLEHILL.

*A signal of trouble —
tender and bleeding gums*



Forhan's
FOR
THE GUMS

**BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT**

FORMULA OF

R.J. Forhan, D.D.S.

**NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH**

**PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION**

Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

As the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. Four out of five people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation does prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Use it daily and their firm tissue-structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed.

Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.
New York

Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



"WELL, OLD MAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING THESE DAYS?"

"OH, I'M SELLING FURNITURE."

"WELL, AND WHAT FURNITURE HAVE YOU SOLD?"

"ONLY MY OWN, SO FAR."

—Excelsior (Mexico City).

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Boy Who Cried "Wolf!"

(As Told on the Fourth Floor)

I

"Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de proon-jooze so momma'll gonna tell you a story wot it's antitled 'Volf! Volf!'—Vance oppon a time was a boy, wot he had it a job he should mind in a pasture a flock from ship. So was dere a doidy volf wot he used to snick opp und leedle by leedle he used to still foist one ship, den gradually anodder ship, de next time a toid ship—(Nize baby, take anodder spoon proon-jooze). So it was decited wot dey'll gonna take a pre-cussion, so was agridd when de boy shall see de volf he shall geeve queeck a yell—'VOLF! VOLF!' So would come ronning queeck de wood-cotters dey should chop opp de volf wid de haxes. Hmm, dot doidy volf."

II

"So one day de boy was godding de ship so he tut wot he'll gonna play a joke. So he gave a yell, 'VOLF! VOLF!' So it came ronning queeck all de wood-cotters out from bratt—poffing wit penting. So dey sad, 'Where is de volf?' So de boy sad, 'Hapril Fool!' so de wood-cotters sad, 'Is dees a system?' So dey wont beck to de woots. So a cople minutes later de boy, dot dope, he gave again a yell—'VOLF! VOLF!' So de wood-cotters came queeck, so dey sad, 'Where is de volf?' So de boy sad, 'False alarm! I jost felt in de nude to make a leedle joke!' So de wood-cotters went away."

III

"So one day all from a sodden it jumped opp de volf. Hm, did he stoddod in to itt opp de ship, wid de lembs, wid de rems, wid he hews—yi yi yi! Was something huffle! So de boy gave a yell, 'VOLF! VOLF!' so de wood-cotters gave him a henswer, 'Hm, jokes you making, ha? Tell it to Swinny.' So de boy stoddod it to scrim on de top from de longs, 'VOLF! VOLF! Halp! Volf! It's itting opp de volf de ship!' So de wood-cotters gave him a henswer, 'Benena Hoil!' So in de minntime dod doidy volf he ate opp de whole flock from de ship!—(Oohoo, sotch a dolink baby! Ate opp all de proon-jooze!)"

—Milt Gross, in New York World.

No Speed Demon

The salesman was doing his best to place a motorcycle and sidecar outfit, but the prospective customer was a bit short in the purse. So the salesman enlarged upon the "pay-as-you-ride" plan of instalments.

"I'll take the outfit," said the prospect; "but, remember, I'm a very slow rider."

—Motor Weekly (Bloemfontein).

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Let Georgiana Do It

Mrs. A.: I make it a rule never to ask another to do what I would not do myself.

Mrs. B.: But, my dear, surely you don't go to the door yourself and tell your caller you are not at home.

—Boston Transcript.



Next Week—
the
FEMININE
NUMBER

A DELICATE tribute to our most popular sex—with a striking cover by Garrett Price and illustrations and text by John Held, Jr., T. S. Sullivant, Percy L. Crosby, Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker, Baird Leonard, Oscar Fred Howard, Henry William Hanemann and others.

And Then—

The most important event in LIFE's calendar—

The Fourth

BURLESQUE NUMBER

with a cover by John Held, Jr., and a collection of the most glorious nonsense that has ever been deposited on the news-stands.

YOU owe it to yourself to read LIFE regularly—every week. More than ever before, LIFE is now justifying its reputation as the official mouth-piece of the best American humor.



ENJOY YOUR TRIP

ENTIRELY
FREE FROM THE
NAUSEA
OF SEA and TRAIN
SICKNESS

Nothing will contribute more to the comfort and pleasure of your trip than Mothersill's. No matter how rough the voyage or rocky the ride, you can prevent all symptoms of nausea and enjoy your experiences.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores
or direct on receipt of Price

The Mothersill Remedy Co., New York



Life and Letters

(Continued from page 21)

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S short stories have been collected into one volume bearing the title, "Caravan" (Scribner), and everybody who has a feeling for English literature should have a copy. One of the tales is entitled, "The Dog It Was That Died," and let me take this occasion to reassure the readers who have written in questioning my ascribing an Elegy to Goldsmith, in the notice of Somerset Maugham's "The Painted Veil," that the title is the last line of Oliver Goldsmith's "Elegy—on the Death of a Mad Dog," which may be found in any complete edition of his works.

Another desirable collection recently published is "The Sunny Side" (Dutton), in which are grouped some of the papers which A. A. Milne has been writing for *Punch* during the last few years.

Baird Leonard.

LIFE'S Encyclopædia

AMATEUR (Lat., *amator*, a lover).—Strictly, a person who takes part in any sport or game for the sake of the pleasure afforded by the occupation and not for pecuniary gain. In the United States, however, an amateur may be described as a person who takes part in a sport and is not known to accept pecuniary gain. There are, of course, benefits from sports which are considered permissible for amateurs. The padded expense account is by far the most popular of these. Second only to this is a four-year course at an accredited university as the protégé of a loyal alumnus. Latterly the field of literary endeavor has helped many a struggling amateur to remain in the line-up.

S. L.

Bulletin

Next Week—The Feminine Number.
Coming—The Fourth Burlesque Number.

Send a Snapshot

Use your own Matches, bearing your Monogram and a picture of your home, boat, dog, or anything else you like.



Black and White
500 Books for \$12.00
1000 Books for \$17.50

Three Colors
1000 Books for \$25.00

Samples of Stock
Decorative Designs
on Request

(Please send Check
with Order)

Dealers Write

INDIVIDUAL MATCH CORP.
350 P. Madison Ave., N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26)

Pretty Ladies. A silly story of life in the Follies with some deft directorial touches by Monta Bell.

Lost—A Wife. One of those French farces of marital troubles, and genuinely amusing at that.

The Mad Whirl. Mae McAvoy as the sweet little girl who reforms a group of social inebriates. Pretty terrible.

Kivalina of the Iceclads. Fairly interesting pictures of the snowclad wastes.

Marry Me. Not representative of James Cruze at his best.

Don Q. Probably the most completely entertaining picture that has ever been presented, with Douglas Fairbanks to make it more so.

The Lady Who Lied. The eternal triangle in Africa.

Smooth as Satin. Evelyn Brent in a darned good crook melodrama.

The Manicure Girl. All the literary flavor of a Macfadden true story.

Introduce Me. Douglas MacLean's best production to date.

Night Life in New York. If you are the sort of person who would go to see a picture called "Night Life in New York," this is just the sort of picture you will go to see.

Paths to Paradise. Fast and furious comedy, with Raymond Griffith and Betty Compson as an utterly disarming pair of crooks.

The White Monkey. No, I will not subscribe.

Siege. A broad-minded girl in a narrow-minded community.

How Baxter Butted In. The occasionally sympathetic story of a book-keeper who wanted to be a hero.

Are Parents People? Very pleasant.

Grass. An absorbingly interesting pictorial description of a Persian tribe.

R. E. S.

For the Louvain Library Fund

WHEN the World War closed, the Louvain Library was left a mass of shattered wreckage, and this country promised its restoration. National honor requires us to keep our word to the Belgian people, and, furthermore, the new Library is to be a permanent memorial to our soldiers who didn't return, the American dead in the Great War.

Pretty strong reasons why that Library should be finished! We've given something toward it ourselves—won't you do the same?—to make good America's pledge.

Previously acknowledged. . . \$864.00

Miss H. A. Ranlett, New York	5.00
L., New York	1.00
Mrs. E. M. Roberts, Worcester, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. James W. McCrosky, New York	10.00

\$881.00

FREE—10-Day Tube—Note Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.



Dazzling White Teeth

Here is the quick, new way dentists are widely urging

Make this unique test. Give your teeth high polish, and fresh new color simply by removing the dingy film that coats them and invites decay and gum troubles.

THIS offers you a simple, scientific test—one judged the most remarkable of all dental tests.

It will bring out qualities in your teeth you do not realize they have. In a short time you can work a transformation in their color and their luster.

Modern science has evolved a new and radically different method which successfully removes the dingy film that imperils healthy teeth and gums.

Film—the enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film . . . a viscous coat that covers them. That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.

New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Ordinary methods fail in these results. Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Why follow old methods when world authorities urge a better way?

FREE	Pepsodent	PAT. OFF.
Mail this for 10-Day Tube	REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.	
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice		
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Send to:		
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Only one tube to a family.		

A Ray of Hope for the Drama

"THAT son of mine who graduated from the University of Wisconsin this year has decided to be a playwright, but I tell him he don't know enough profanity." Amadee Billings, the Jonesville hardware merchant, was speaking. "Of course, the boy can swear some, but not near enough for a stage success.

"He says there is a lot in a successful play of to-day besides swearing; and I said maybe there was and I hadn't noticed it, as I am getting a little hard of hearing. One of his arguments is that the play that'll tell the real truth of white men in the tropics has never been written, and I gather from him that he'll consider writing it if he has sufficient inducement.

"I told him that I got a great idea for a play when I was at the hardware dealers' convention in New York last spring, and that if he would let me collaborate I'd stake him to a year of playwrighting. My idea is to have a play in which the people in the audience will be allowed to do half the swearing, just picking out places here and there to suit themselves. I told the boy I thought that would be a knockout, but he got mad and said I didn't understand art.

"His mother says to let him go ahead because he wants to write his war play first. He's going to give the low-down on the war. She says considering he was only fourteen when the war was over, the best way for the family as a whole is to give him all the encouragement he needs and let him go to it. And I guess maybe she's right."

McC. H.

Listen In

TOURIST: Is there a mechanic in town?

NATIVE: Wal, to hear him tell it, ye'd think there was.

MEN—Stop Falling Hair!

GLOVER'S will cleanse and stimulate the scalp, destroy dandruff and promote a healthy growth of hair. Send for "GLOVER'S" HANDBOOK on Scalp and Hair. It will show you practical methods of saving your hair before you are entirely bald.

Write Dept. P18

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Drugists,
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If You Want to Dry Your Tears, Use

MAJORS' CEMENT

IS GOOD

For repairing china, glassware, bric-a-brac, meerschaum; tipping billiard cues. 25c per bottle. Rubber and Leather Cements, 20c per bottle at dealers.





EST. 1876

TRADE MARK

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

The Siege of the Tenements!

THE beleaguered children of New York's hideous "back streets" are holding out, but bravery has its limits!

The enemy presses. He is strong and terrible. His battalions are poverty—neglect—heat and more heat—wretchedness—wilted little bodies—tired child nerves and hearts.

Here it is mid-August and the attack is at its height. The besieged are calling for help.

At Pottersville, New Jersey, LIFE has a wonderful "Fresh Air" Camp for boys; another at Branchville, Connecticut, for girls.

Already hundreds of children have been rescued through your kindness and open-heartedness from the Siege of the Tenements. But hundreds of others are waiting to be freed from the stifling streets and made happy.

Let's batter down some of the grim gates before summer wins the battle. Let's lead these youngsters out into the green fields, to play beside silver brooks, to be cared for and loved and shown the way to joy. (See page 24.)

Join the relief party!

"The Campbells are coming!"—that sort of feeling, you know.

\$15 rescues one child for two weeks. Any part of it helps a lot in a campaign like this.

To the rescue!

* * *

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-eight years. In that time it has expended \$294,468.13 and has given a fortnight in the country to 47,647 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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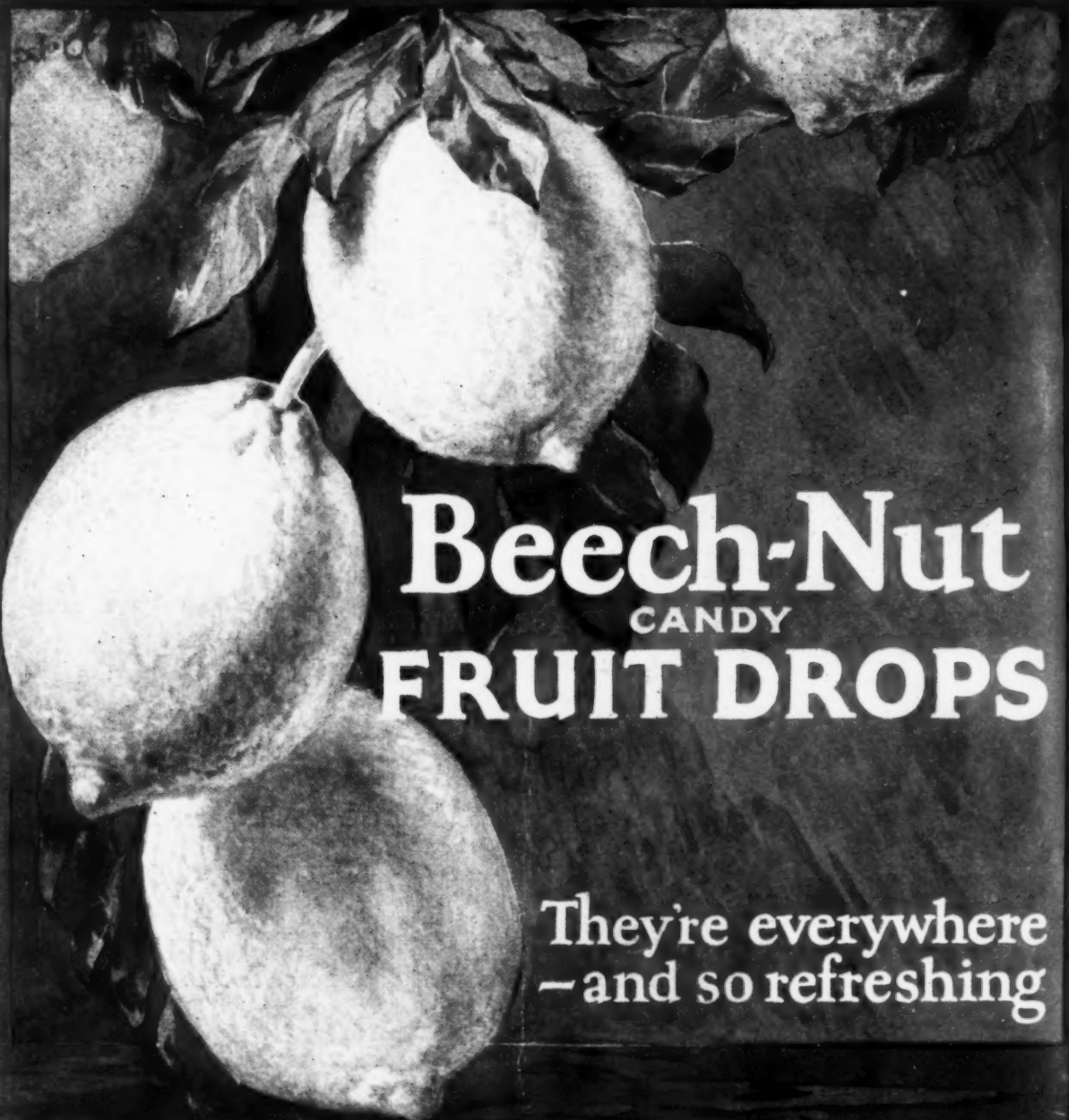
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My dollars come hard. I like to see you fellows trying hard to get them. You make my money seem almost important. You give my coin the consideration it deserves.

Andy Consumer

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FRUIT DROPS

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LEMON-ORANGE-LIME *flavors*